The Bystander, April 24, 1918.—No. 751. Vol. LVIII.

The BYSTANDER

PASSED BY CENSOR

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BYSTANDER COMMENTS ON THE WORLD WAR — AND ON THOSE WHO WAGE IT WISELY AND OTHERWISELY

Last Week's Fighting

By far the bloodiest battle of the war has now been in progress for a month. The fighting has been almost incessant; but none of the three successive German attacks has achieved its real object, though in each case it has only been by the most desperate valour that our defence has prevented a break-through. Last week the heaviest fighting centred upon the ridges south and south-west of Ypres; and when Bailleul fell on Monday, the position looked very serious. But the Germans hardly gained another yard westward all the week, and their continuous assaults on the ridge found them still only at the foot of it at the beginning of this week.

The Ypres Salient

One of the most heartening things in connection with this fighting on our left wing is the fact that our High Command has clearly had complete confidence in the ability of our troops to stop the German advance, not only in that sector but further south. Ypres itself, and the country just round it, has a very high sentimental value, for it was at Ypres that the German flood reached its high-water mark three and a half years ago, when the Worcesters and the Welsh at Gheluvelt, by some inexplicable miracle, saved a lost battle. But we may be sure that no sentiment about retaining Ypres would have been allowed to weigh for a moment in the balance against any reasonable probability of retirement from it, later on, being made impossible by, say, the loss of Hazebrouck.

AFTER APRIL, 1918—THE CIVILIAN

All Change Here!

Whether it is because the Government took over the railways at the beginning of the war, or because of the strong railway element infused into it in the last year or so, it seems to have adopted the railway adjuration, "All Change Here!" as one of its watchwords. Sir John Jellicoe, Sir W. Robertson, General Trenchard, and Sir David Henderson in turn depart. These are all men in whom the public had confidence. And, far more important, they were all men in whom the Services had confidence. Very likely the public's confidence may have been unreasoning, since, in the essence of things, they could have no real knowledge. But the confidence of the Services is founded on a much sounder basis. And since the Government, to carry on, must need, in its turn, the confidence both of the public and the Services, to get rid of the men who know their job because their opinion in vital matters differs from that of the civilian heads of their respective Ministries would hardly seem to be the best way of securing it.

Cabinet Repairing

The mere changes in the Cabinet and the Ministry are of relatively minor importance, because the public takes less interest in the Government than in the war. Lord Derby leaves the War Office to replace Lord Bertie as Ambassador in Paris, and is himself succeeded at the War Office by Lord Milner. The latter remains a member of the War Cabinet, but presumably, as in the case of Mr. Bonar Law, the duties of his new office may prevent him from being a regular attendant at its meetings, To fill this anticipated void Mr. Austen Chamberlain becomes a member of the War Cabinet, in spite of the howlings of a section of the Press which cannot believe that any good can come out of Birmingham. Mr. Chamberlain has, at any rate, always shown that he is ready to do his duty;

(Continued on page 140)

BYSTANDER COMMENTS (concluded)

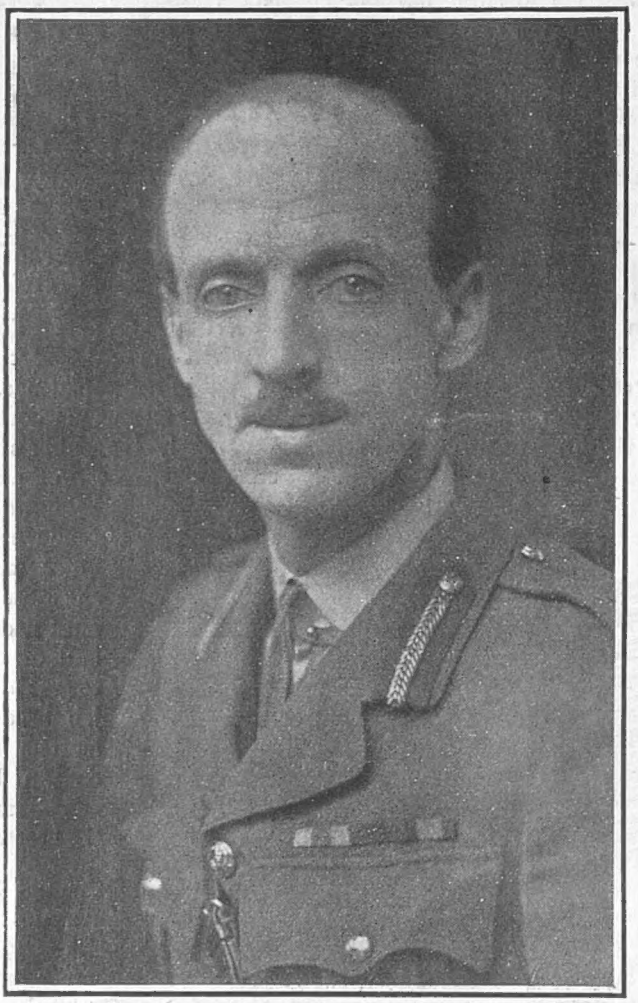
and there are many people who might well follow his example in that respect, if in no other.

An Ideal War Cabinet

After all, if the war lasts long enough, it may come to this. Supposing we had two great sailors, two great soldiers, and a super-business man, I feel that we should have all that is necessary for a War Cabinet. The speech-making department would, of course, slump heavily, but I fancy that some of us would welcome the change. We should fail to hear so much of what we were going to do, and we should no longer be so gratified with flattering prospects that we should really expect the vital things to be done. It would none of it be politics, of course, but it really would be excellent business for the country.

How to Find Great Generals

Incidentally it is about time that we flung down all the barriers that block the way along which really big soldiers (and we must have quite a batch of embryonic Napoleons) must go to prove their worth and give us their value. After all, a great general is little more than a supremely able business man. Military correctness is utterly subordinate to administrative power. A man must not be damned for the reason that he is without some lengthy military record. It is conceivable that he may have been spending his time more usefully by way of preparation for the great demands on him. The right men must be in France at this very moment. They have only to "come through," and they will! And I shall be sorry for those who try to thwart them.



Photograph *Hoppé*

AIR-BOARD CHIEF OF THE STAFF

Major-General Sykes, who has already had a brilliant military career, now takes over the important duties of Chief of the Air Staff. His appointment commits the Board to a policy of energetic action

"Thieves Falling Out"

After all the good work Ferdinand of Bulgaria has put in for the Central Powers during the war, he is naturally feeling rather aggrieved at the very cavalier treatment he is receiving from them in the matter of dividing the spoils. To him their methods appear to savour rather of spoiling the divide. The acquisition of Serbian territory, which he had hoped for being sternly frowned upon by Austria, he thought his time was coming when Rumania was ready for carving-up. With the Dobrudja for his share, Ferdinand's stock was looking up; but suddenly and inconveniently, Turkey wants some spoils, too, and, what's worse, wants them in the shape of the chunk of Thrace which Bulgaria annexed in the last Balkan War (or the last but one or two, I forget which). Also there is the little matter of Bessarabia, a sop the Central Powers had generously placed on Rumania's plate; but Ferdinand has a couple of hundred thousand brave Bulgarians there, and hankers after it for his own. Also the Ukraine has objections to Bessarabia which is (or was) Russian territory, being given to Rumania. So the Balkan kettle of fish is aboil again; and the unfortunate Helfferich, having failed in everything else he has put his hand to, is being sent to settle the dispute. If he gets home again with his throat unslit he will be lucky.

The Biter Bit

There is, at any rate, one Hun who "wishes he hadn't." Not for him the glories of the Kaiser's personally-conducted battle in the west; not for him even the less risky course of peacefully penetrating Finland. No; "business with safety" was his motto; and, acting on it, he gathered together 500,000 roubles of good Russian money (whence, deponent sayeth not) and departed for the Ukraine to buy food—with the object, doubtless, of retailing it at a very handsome profit on his return to the dearer-than-ever-before Fatherland. But, like the man who went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, he fell among robbers; and they left him not one single rouble!

Only Just Wanted to Know

They are telling a good story about a distinguished soldier who, when home on leave recently, encountered, quite accidentally, a cousin of his employed in one of the Ministries—a fine young man of 28 or so. "It's this infernal heart of mine, old man," began the civilian, in answer to the rather questioning glance of the soldier. "Goes up and down quite suddenly when I'm walking, y'know, gives me frightful gyp." The soldier, urbanest of men, looked him up and down, and said: "That's bad—that's bad! *And do you find your feet get cold at all?*"

Mr. E. T. Reed's Cartoons

Our readers will regret to learn that Mr. E. T. M. Reed has met with a very serious accident, and is at present in a nursing home. Mr. Reed is hopeful that he will be able to resume his work in The Bystander in the course of a week or two.

"Coming Events . . .

PASSED BY CENSOR

THE KAISER: "Confound that shadow! It's always hanging over me!"

Two War-Workers AND A Bride-To-Be

Photograph *E. O. Hoppe*

LADY WILLIAMSON

The wife of Sir Archibald Williamson, M.P., is the organiser of the Endsleigh Palace Hospital, through which 2 000 officers have passed since its opening in 1916.

MISS ALEXANDRA JAMES

Second daughter of the late Mr. W. James, of West Dean Park, who is to be married to Lieut.-Col. Arthur Fawcas, M.C., on his next leave

Photograph *E. O. Hoppé*

MISS GRACE ELLISON

Who has spent the last three years in France as Director-General of the French Flag Nursing Corps, has been appointed a delegate to the Ministry of War. In peace time she was a successful author, and well known, as one of our foreign correspondents, to readers of "The Bystander"

"IN ENGLAND-NOW!"

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM "BLANCHE."

Illustrations by HELEN McKIE.

LONDON, *April 22*, 1918.

DEAR COUSIN—

LET us hope the Recording Angel has entered it on his tablets to our credit that—at last!—in England now, we live and move and have our being a little less grotesquely "cheerily," a little more conscious of, and awed by, the awful struggle for life and the tragic holocaust of youth that is going on "over there."

卐 卐

OUR British way, of course—to eschew as bad form the showing of any emotion. We go to a funeral as unmoved as to a wedding—or pretend we do, anyway; and feelings aren't really "done" in the best society, where a hard mask of utter callousness is considered the only wear to face the world in.

FIFTY—NOT OUT

Adolphus Jones, aged forty-nine,
A sturdy bird—no panic-monger—
Used almost daily to repine:
"If I was only ten years younger!"

卐 卐

BUT these last weeks have rather altered values. There has been a war, of course, for these last three and a half years; but London's great idea has been, as you know, to forget about it and to go on as usual, on the slightly doubtful principle that the nation's spirits must be kept up, and that it didn't help with the war to be "downhearted."

卐 卐

THE attitude's been, of course, sedulously fostered by the amusement-mongers—and there *are* those, as you know, who think we've overdone it a bit, all things considered. Anyway, we fairly flattened out with amazement neutral visitors who'd got a bit of an inkling of what a European conflagration meant.

卐 卐

AND our nonchalant, not to say care-free, demeanour has no doubt travelled to America, where, as Sir F. E. Smith tells us, New York has not yet felt the war: "The street lights and illuminated advertisements are still strangely brilliant, and the streets are alive with automobiles of every type and size, all driven by men."

To-day he finds himself involved
In matters very far from larky!
Since Geddes gets his problem solved
By putting Mr. Jones in khaki.

卐 卐

BUT when the supreme hour of the supreme crisis came—well, then, thank goodness, we got a little more into the picture, and paid our men, whose "backs were to the wall," at least the tribute of refraining, just for a moment, from carrying on as if "over there" hundreds and thousands of our best and bravest were not facing trials unspeakable.

卐 卐

IT may have been, of course, that at last we realised that not only our Army, but we ourselves were in peril. For as we banked our all these last weeks on the brave, tired bodies and the superhuman spirit of our fighting men, it seems to have penetrated to even the least comprehending, to even the most idiotically complacent, that in these most poignant hours of pain and peril, the necessity for, above all things, keeping cheerful wasn't so frightfully necessary.

卐 卐

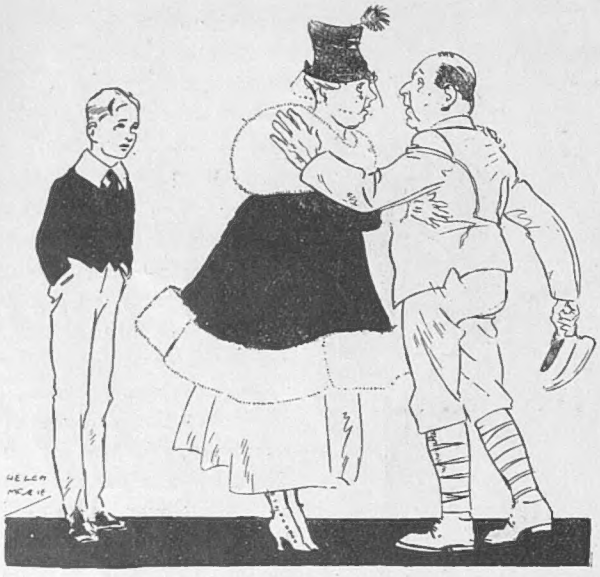
THE people who affect not to be affected by the war are *enormously* to be envied. Think what a snug little water-tight, pain-proof world they must live in, those happy people who proceed, even in these days, unconscious of and almost uncaring for all the heartache and all the unceasing anxiety and all the sheer physical agony that fills all Europe. There are plenty of them, and I suppose it's a good thing really. I mean, if we all had imaginations . . . .?

卐 卐

HAIG'S "many among us are now tired," for instance. Our men do not speak of tiredness until they are tireder than you or I can possibly imagine; until they are blind and sick with fatigue; until "for nine

(Continued on page 144)

days and nights they have been fighting and moving continuously, sleeping ten minutes at a time," as an officer wrote of his men. And one wants to be strong-hearted, too, especially if you're a woman, to think unmoved of the boys of only eighteen — almost



Farewell to children and to wife
He bids; and sadder (also wiser!),
He goes to lead the strenuous life,
And do his bit to down the Kaiser.

children—we have been forced to fling into the awful maw of war. We know that

. . . . . None untimely die.
Who die for England.

But life is so sweet, and they had not even sipped at its overflowing cup.

卐 卐

I SUPPOSE we'll be seeing this week the workings of the Man Power Bill in force—lord! *what* a world of women it'll be, won't it? And even *that*, says rumour, isn't to be left undisturbed very much longer. But to *prevent* conscription of women I hear of enormous pressure in high places. One plea is that if they turn the young and pretty (and socially high-standing) into real war-workers what's to become of the charity bazaars and *fêtes* and flag days and *matinées* and things?

卐 卐

IT'S, by the way, more from the *wives* of the new forty to fifty soldiermen than from the poor old dears themselves that one hears faint grumbles. The feminine forties, you see, first saw the light when still Victoria the Good was on the throne and —well, one is of one's day, I suppose, and *that* day was far from being a woman-on-her-own one, wasn't it? Personally, I don't think it'll be at all bad for 'em—the wives of *moyenâge*, I mean. Grooviness is so *fatal*.

And should he grumble at his lot,
Let him not think he's deeply wronged, for
In any case he's only got
Just what he always said he longed for!

卐 卐

APROPOS, if the new Man Power comb combs even only fairly finely, *what* gaps it'll leave on the stage, won't it? Already one hears of several going before they're pushed; and better late, of course, than, etc. But these heroes of the stage are fortunate in leaving behind them, to keep the home fires burning, fine fat bank balances—which is more than most of the unconscripted soldiermen did. There have never been such wonderful years for the theatre as these, now nearly four, of war.

卐 卐

WHICH reminds me, we'll surely go down to history as the most confirmed theatre-goers of the world. They say there was a heavy slump during the very worst days of this last push for Calais, but all the same no fewer than six new plays somehow got produced.

卐 卐

IN the stalls, the audiences—in the "fullest" evening dress and as elaborately cloaked as if there were still Rolls-Royces to get about in—were as the people at the private view of fashionable portraits in Arnold Bennett's much discussed and bitterly criticised new book, "The Pretty Lady." "Seemingly the aim of everybody was to prove to everybody else that no war, not the greatest war, could disturb the appearances of social life in London."

卐 卐

ALL the same, by now, it's a fairly deadly place o'nights, is this once so gay London Town of ours. Half-lit streets and darkened restaurants produce a certain gloom that's enough to drive the devotedest of town-lovers to allotments, or worse. And I hear those fantastic profiteers, the restaurant proprietors, have had to fix their prices *higher still* to make up for the falling off in custom the curfew's caused. No! You *wouldn't* have thought they *could* charge *more*, would you? But to that particular ramp, which is the food one, there is, you know, *no* limit here in London now.

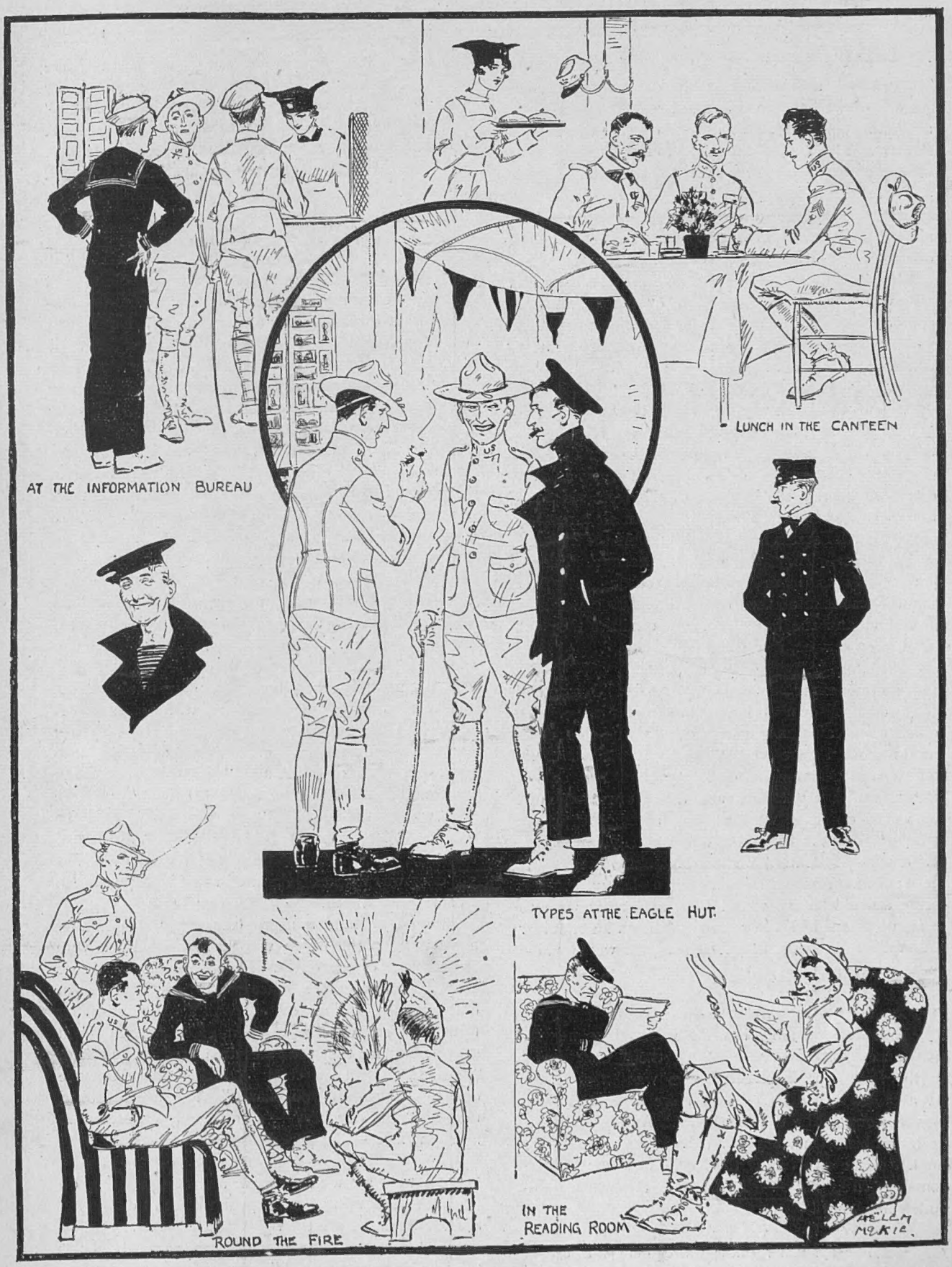
卐 卐

WHERE, by the way, in the day time, anyway, it's all looking so fresh and green and lovely. Spring is above and beyond our human miseries, which is rather a comfort, isn't it? But for the woundeds, in their hospital blue, the streets have grown strangely civilian, almost pre-war-like, since all the real khaki went back to France and there was no more leave. But may the gods grant we never live again through such a cruel spring!

With love, yours ever,

BLANCHE

At the Eagle Hut



Miss McKie's pencil has sketched for us some of the most characteristic types of the American Army and Navy who find a meeting-place in the "Eagle" Hut in Trafalgar Square on their way "over there"

Letters from an American Cantonment

II.—SAMMY

MY DEAR BYSTANDER—

"SAMMY," as the newspapers call him, has distinctive characteristics, but hardly as yet approximates to type as do our own or the French soldiers. The United States is a vast country containing many different types of native citizens as well as many foreign immigrant races. Its army, as are all conscripted armies in their earlier stages, is a remarkable jumble taken from every different walk of life. The officer class has not as yet sorted itself out from the ranks. To run one's eye down an American company roll, with its varied collection of names, and its civil occupations varying from financier to peanut vendor and from college professor to movie operator, is indeed a revelation.

⁂ ⁂

I DO not think that the Americans themselves would claim that their men are natural soldiers. The habit of independence is too deeply inbred to make discipline come easily to them. But they are undoubtedly fighters—"virile, combative, stubborn, hard," as one of their compatriots, himself a member of the French Foreign Legion, writing from the trenches, called them. They are quick to learn anything—particularly to learn anything mechanical. They rapidly assimilate the technical side of warfare; discipline and the basic soldierly qualities they will acquire on service, if not before.

⁂ ⁂

AS is to be expected, Sammy has a splendid command of his own terse, peculiar language. He excels above all things in repartee. Some candidates for promotion were recently being submitted to an oral examination. The examiners had run out of serious military questions and asked one man what he would do if he were walking across the parade ground and suddenly saw a German battleship bearing down upon him. "I should instantly submerge," he replied. Another candidate, a heavy gunner, being asked what he would do if a German were to come up to one of his howitzers, put it on his shoulder and walk away with it, guessed that he would "take more water in it."

⁂ ⁂

YES, for the apt word and the ready reply, the American certainly has the world signalling for assistance. One is reminded of the "doughboy" in the Philippine insurrection who was knocked out by a bullet in the leg. Twice more as he was lying he was wounded by the insurgents. At the third hit he raised himself painfully on to his knees, and, shaking his fist in the direction of the Moros, shouted: "Shoot someone else, you ——s, I'm not the whole —— American Army!"

⁂ ⁂

THE non-English-speaking foreigner is a bit of a difficulty for the officer instructors to deal with, but they worry along somehow. The real Huns who have been drafted raise a problem which, so far, has not been solved satisfactorily. You cannot trust them for active service, but you do not like to leave them in security while decent Americans are being killed. The United States has also its "conchy" troubles with Amish and Menonite objectors. A pathetic report from one camp on these worthies states that they have been "put to work in the base hospital, but they seem to spend most of their time in holding religious services!"

⁂ ⁂

THE negro soldier is in a class by himself. How he will behave under fire it is impossible to say, but in the camps he creates a very favourable impression with his cheerful demeanour, his willing obedience, and his sweet singing. His chief fault is his inveterate love of gambling. The American Government is anxious to insure all its soldiers, and the various cantonments vied with each other for the highest percentage of insured men. One negro battalion was pulling down the record of its division by the reluctance of its members to insure themselves. They did not understand insurance and would have none of it in spite of urgent appeals, until one of their white officers, in a moment of inspiration, put it to them that it was simply this: Uncle Sam was willing to bet eighty-six to one that they would not get killed or wounded in the war. Within an hour the battalion hit the hundred per cent. mark of insured men!

⁂ ⁂

THE negro is generally very anxious to obey rules, and is respectful towards his white officers. A colonel in this camp was therefore very surprised one day when a coloured orderly walked straight into his room without knocking. "What do you mean by coming in here?" he asked. "Didn't you see what was on the door?" "Oh, yes, boss!" said the darkie. "De other doors was marked 'Adjutant' and 'Supply Officer' and I'se not one of dose, but yo' door was marked 'Private' and I'se a private so I came right in, sah."

At another time a negro company was guarding a pumping plant which was surrounded by a wire fence. One of the duties of the sentries was to see that all gates in the fence were kept closed. An officer visiting rounds came across a sentry standing right in front of a wide open gate. "Aren't you supposed to see that the gates are closed?" he asked. "Yes, sah," said the coon. "Well, what about the one right back of you now?" The negro looked round. "Oh, dat, boss"—a grin slowly spread across his ebony face—"I guess dat's open fo' ventilation!"

⁂ ⁂

YES, they are a mixed grill, and at times they do not come up to our European ideas of discipline, but the Sammies are the right stuff. "We're coming over, we're coming over. And we won't be back till it's over over there!" No, I don't think they will. They started late, but they will stay the course.

Yours etc.,

H. W. Y.

BAIRNSFATHER WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY

German Papers, Please Copy

PASSED BY CENSOR

He has left a good business in Boston, he has come 3,000 miles, and—he has had six months of this!

The Bystander in PARIS

LA VIE CONTINUE, *ILLUSTRATED BY MARCEL PONCIN.*

MES AMIS—

ONE bores oneself very quickly of a danger. It is so I have discovered of the big Bertha, the kolossal cannon. The first day she discomposed one, yes, but it is now with difficulty that one remembers to walk on that side of the street where the police say there is not of the same danger. And if one should see in the window of a *modiste* who is on the side exposed anything of an elegance, it is easy that one is brave.

❀

WHEN Bertha makes the noise at luncheon and the heart leaps upside down she is not certainly agreeable, but for the rest, no one cares more. One says: "It is near, that *coup*," or, "It is far"; and then at once: "Let us take a cab to the Louvre and buy an umbrella. Mine is no longer waterproof."

"My umbrella is no longer waterproof"

❀

IN the streets the *monde* is so numerous as before. Along the Avenue du Bois and in the corners of the Jardin des Tuileries where the sun makes warm there are the *bonnes* with the *bébés*. Some are of Bretagne and some of the Midi, or the Pays Basque. One can know their home because of the caps of lace which they carry.

❀

AND some are English. It is very much they interest me the English nurses. Always in France when one becomes a nurse of *bébés*, one has experience and is fat. It may be that one is a widow. But the English nurses have so elegant figures and they have not at all the air to have had many children.

❀

BUT they do not disturb themselves of the shells of Bertha, these, not more than the others who sit so placid and knit their stockings in the sun. It is the only difference that now they make their promenade on the north side of the streets where the houses form themselves as a protection.

❀

ON the boulevards it is the same. One sits on the *terrasse* of the *café*, which is in face of the sun, and when there comes a *coup* the old messieurs say: "La, la! I wonder now where he has fallen, that one." But they do not all the same leave the *terrasse*. It was M. Leclerc who told us the waiters now are more quick to collect the money for the *consommations* and their *pourboires* in case a shell should arrive and they might miss to have been paid.

❀

IN the streets the taxi-autos and the omnibuses circulate and every one continues with his affairs and I think that many cultivate to be so careless as the Comte d'Esteral, our neighbour in the country, who

(Continued on page 15

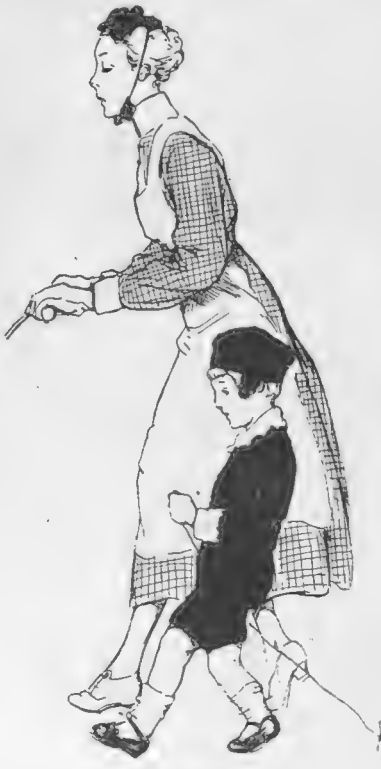
"Some are of Bretagne and some of the Midi"

An Airman's Adventures

PASSED BY CENSOR

QUIRKS. LANDING IN AN F.B.A.

THE BYSTANDER IN PARIS (*concluded*)



"But the English nurse . . . ."

went to Oxford before the war and likes always to be *insouciant* like an Englishman. He wears a monocle, and it was not till our brother Frédéric told us how he was one of the bravest and his men adored to have him that I would excuse that a young man should so seem always to have the *cafard*.

⁂

It was in the Place Vendôme we met him on the day he came from the hospital—it is his third wound. "*Tiens, tiens!*" he said when there arrived an explosion. "I have read in the newspapers that the Boche bombards Paris, It is not much that one notices it. There are, *n'est ce pas?* very many people still alive."

⁂

It is so that the life continues. The Boche, I think, would have much disappointment to see how much it is all as before. There are only some like Edouard who complains that an unfriendly one has told to Bertha exactly where he lives and his windows have a vista to the North-East. It was his brother Jean, who has been on the Somme, who said to him: "But all the same, *mon vieux*, it is here comparatively quiet in your sector of the front."

⁂

A great deal one is reminded of the *début* of the war in this battle. It is every day in the streets that one has seen the families of refugees. Refugees have always so large families. They are very miserable to see, but now Lucile and I do not much occupy ourselves with refugees. It is our experience that if one finds a refugee one loses all the family and when one finds the family—it is hard work of a many weeks—it is necessary to support it all. Otherwise sometimes it is then one's refugee who is missing.

⁂

There is also, as in 1914, the so quiet of the nights—except when the Gothas try to come and the sirens make the walls to fall in with their noise. When it comes nine o'clock there is no more anyone in the streets and those who come from the theatres think that while they have amused themselves all Paris is dead.

⁂

Since the battle, too, there are not any more the *permissionaires*, and it is more than ever that we are become *une ville des dames*. It was one night when we descended to the *cave* because the bombs sounded loud that I have discovered we are in our *appartements* twenty-four women. All the men are our neighbour, M. Monis, who is very old, and the priest who lives with his mother in the *septième* and plays the organ at the church of St Thomas d'Acquin.

⁂

But, *mes amis*, this is a so great difference between the time now and the 1914. Then all the world was afraid for his money and his wife. There were so many who said quickly "We are beaten"; and at once ran away so fast as they could carry themselves. One makes for them—for us all—the excuses. One did not know that the miracles happened as at the Marne.

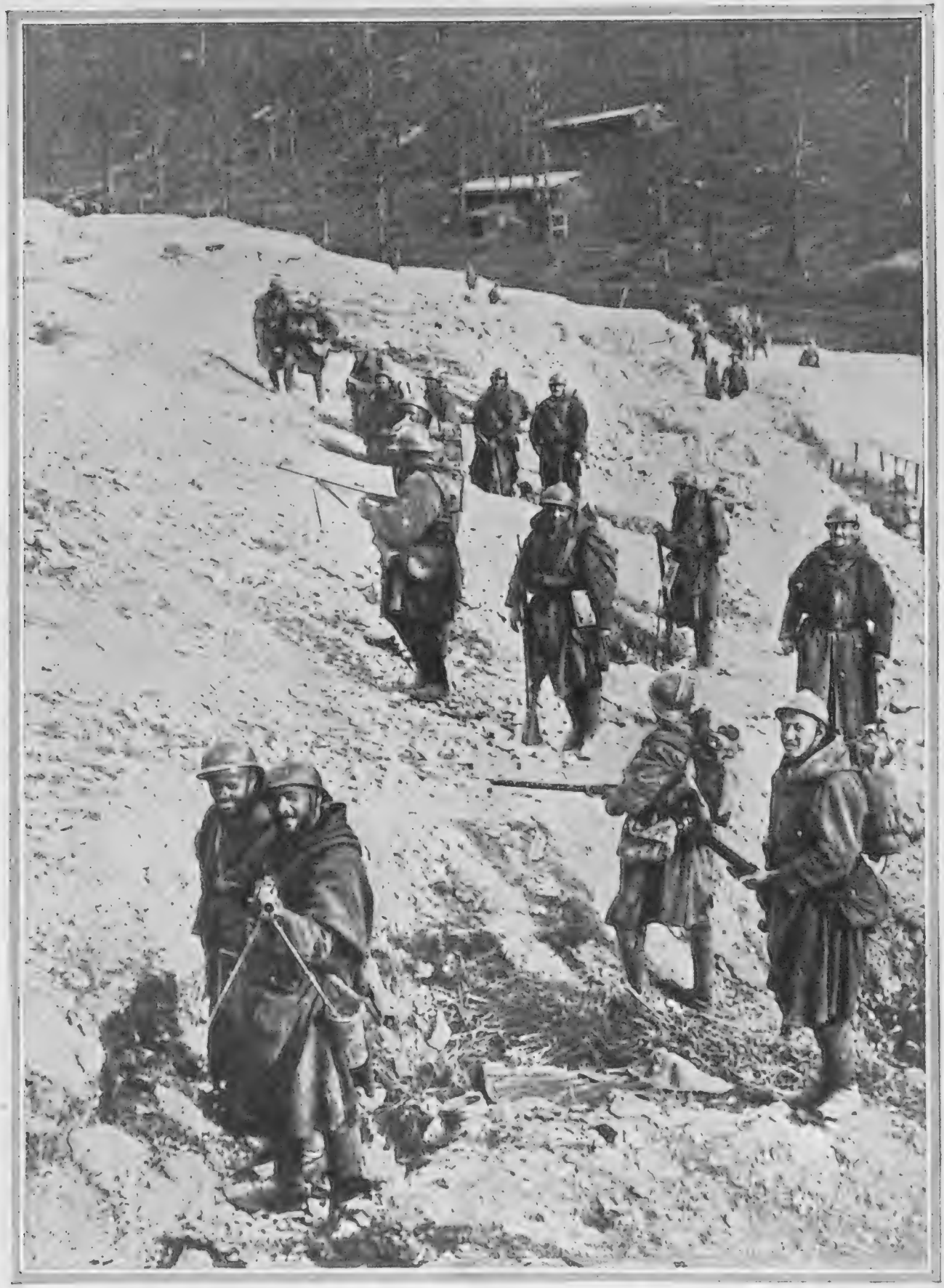
⁂

Now it is different. France has confidence that she may trust her soldiers. She has confidence how she may trust to her allies; and we who are behind the front—it is so few miles—we are not afraid. "*La vie continue*"—it is the *mot d'ordre* of the Government, and one goes on.

Your friend, Agnès.

"It was in the Place Vendôme we met him"

Round Verdun's Ramparts



French Official Photograph

Our illustration shows French Reserve troops training over the slopes of the hills round Verdun, in readiness to join their comrades and allies on the Somme battlefield when the time comes

Has Anyone Seen Our Cat?

A TRUE INCIDENT OF NAVAL SUPERSTITION

By "ORIANA"

Editorial Note.—The following story was sent to us by one who had been given much pleasure by the double-page picture, "The Ship's Mascot," in our issue of March 27. For the truth of the incident the writer vouches; and the story well illustrates the sailor-man's love in his ship's pet, and the implicit trust he has of its efficacy in averting disaster.

THE ward-room of the old county cruiser, H.M.S. "Sligo," was fairly full, for the ship was catching the early morning tide and no night leave had been granted. An unexpected mission entailing a trip across the Herring Pond had brought her out of the northern mists to a southern port—to her home port—to "ship the goods," and had also thereby brought much joy to many a wife and sweetheart, who had little thought of seeing their guid men for many a weary month when the long-drawn cycle of leave would have come round once more. But now the farewells had been made and everything was clewed up for sea.

The group round the ward-room stove did not typify the breezy naval officer of popular fiction and the halfpenny Press; for the N.O. is—strange as it may seem—a great home-bird, and this unexpected family reunion and the sudden break-up again had merely served to sour his "sunny" disposition and caused him to curse the war, the sea, and all thereon and thereunder. Here and there around the table sat groups where nightcaps and conversation mingled; for some of the officers of H.M.S. "Sutherland," a county cruiser of later design, which was lying just astern, alongside the same jetty, had looked in to "swop lies."

Suddenly the ward-room door opened, and the commander of the "Sutherland" appeared, followed by two dishevelled watch-keepers. A cheery "Good evening all," and then "Has anyone seen our cat? We've hunted the bloomin' ship from the tops to the keel, and the men have fair got the wind up. We're going back to-morrow night, as you know, and to the blinkin' North, and that cat has sailed with us since we commissioned. The men have beaten the dockyard and now they've sent me a deputation to ask if, in its amatory ambulations, the cat has boarded you. I've never seen such a lot of superstitious children."

"How about yourself, sir?" rejoined Wales, the "Sligo's" senior watch-keeper, and "What'll you drink, sir?"

"Thanks, no," replied the commander, "for what with the men and these two crazy marauders at my side, I've got the wind up myself and I *must* find that cat."

The "Sligo's" men had been piped down some time, but this did not prevent search parties noisily pushing about amongst the sleepers in their hammocks, occasioning much bad language, and the "Sutherland's" cat's soul was consigned to many kinds of hell—I hope it hadn't nine souls as well as lives. Suffice it to say there wasn't a man on the ship who did not know that H.M.S. "Sutherland" had lost its mascot. But the cat could not be found.

Next morning the "Sligo" sailed.

After evening quarters that day the first lieutenant was approached by a smiling *matelot*—one of the carpenter's crew—who held in his arms what looked like a camouflaged blancmange.

"I found this in the paint locker, sir," said he saluting, "adrift amongst the paint. I believe it is the 'Sutherland's' cat, sir."

And it was, for when the paint was scraped off there appeared a most villainous looking grey tom-cat, the sort of cat Louis Wain would have made the villain of the piece. It answered the description given by the irate commander.

Now, a cat aboard one of His Majesty's ships of war is a privileged individual. The sailor man dearly loves a pet. This particular object, so well advertised, soon became the idol of the lower deck, not so much because of its feline sagacity or winning, gentle ways, but for the simple reason that from the first moment of its freedom it started a feud with the cats living aft—those pampered pets which made the ward-room and adjoining officers' pantry their happy hunting ground and which could proudly stalk the hallowed quarter-deck and be called "pussy," and be stroked by gold lace and not have rope-ends and lumps of what-not heaved at them. Not only did Thomas Cat raise hades in the half deck every night and invariably prove a victor, but—by his victories—he disturbed irate three-stripers and liverish watch-keepers. Oh! he undoubtedly earned his popularity with the lower deck!

. . . . . .

The "Sutherland" sailed without her mascot; a foggy night one week later found her piled up on a rocky island off the coast of Scotland. Many of the "Sutherland's" men thought of the old grey tom-cat and to this day they ascribe the cruiser's bad luck to the loss of their mascot.

. . . . . .

On arrival back from her mission on t'other side, the "Sligo" heard of her sister-ship's misfortune. The tom-cat—if before popular—now became a veritable god among the men; and it is related how, in the Flow one cold autumn day, with the temperature of the water below fifty degrees, two *matelots* had gone over the side after Thomas, who, in a moment of misplaced confidence—jumping at the gulls—had gone into the ditch.

(*All rights strictly reserved.*)

"Ils ne passeront pas"

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Old soldiers never say die, they'll simply block the way"

BY CAPTAIN BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

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The Dogs of War—Let Loose

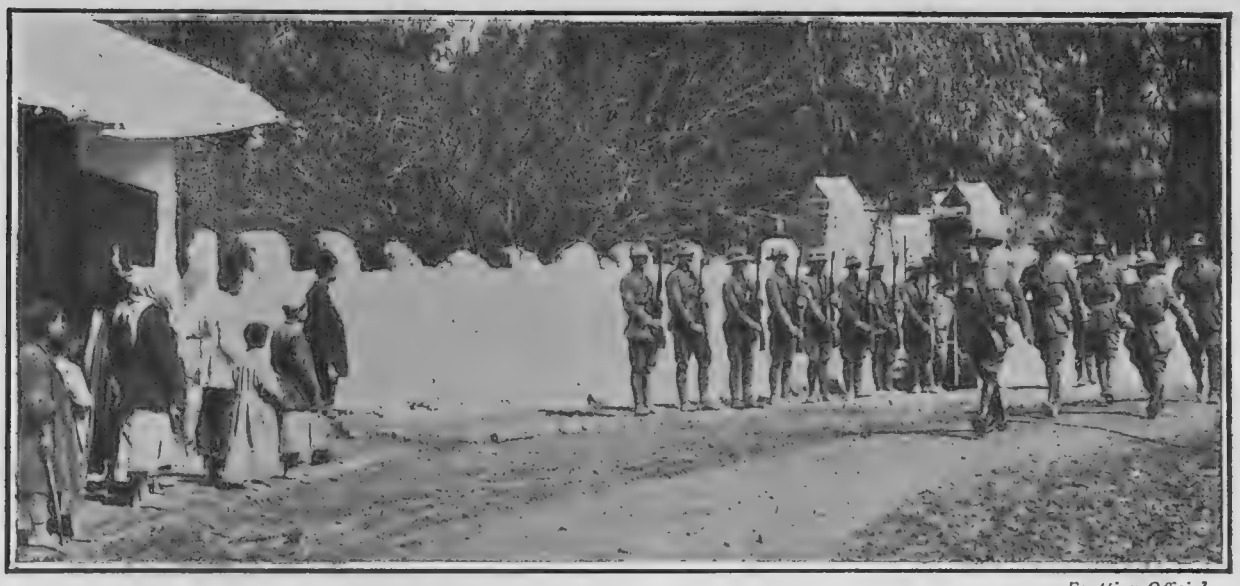
WAR-DOGS PASSING THROUGH SOLDIERS FIRING: NEITHER GUNS NOR BOMBS STOP THEM

DASHING THROUGH SMOKE AND GAS-CLOUDS

DRAWN UP FOR INSPECTION BY THEIR TRAINER, MAJOR RICHARDSON

LEAPING OVER A BARBED-WIRE HEDGE, WITH SOLDIERS FIRING BEHIND IT

Major Richardson has brought the training of his war-dogs to a pitch of perfection excelled by neither French nor German trainers. Of all "messengers" the war-dog is most likely to "get through" successfully, and magnificent is the work they have already done in the war



Egyptian Official

JOSHUA'S SUCCESSORS

British troops mounting the first guard in Jericho. Amongst the trees is Jericho's only hotel

EDDIES of WAR

THE PATRIOTS. BY DELL LEIGH

Scene: A railway carriage. First smoker, 9.10 up.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ: SMITH, BROWN, JONES, AND ROBINSON.

TIME: Any time before April, 1918.

❋ ❋

ACT I.

SMITH, aged 45 (folding *Times* carefully down the centre, and smoothing cigar leaf with practised tongue): "I don't think I quite like the news this morning, what? Yes, but these Germans are a well-organised race, you know: can't get away from it. That was a wonderful little raid of the Southminsters, yesterday. Fine troops they must be. Lor', I wish I was a younger man! Makes you feel like a two-year-old to read about our chaps out there; still, we're no good, I suppose?"

❋ ❋

BROWN (aged 46): "I don't agree with you at all. A man's in his prime in the forties, all his fibres are tough and hardened. Why look at me! I do half an hour's hard work in the garden every morning of my life before breakfast, and I'm all the better for it. But the War Office lays down red tape regulations about military age—and there you are! There must be heaps of good work we could do behind the lines out there, if they'd have us. I'd give anything to go out and see the fun."

❋ ❋

JONES (aged 47): "Well, I've always said I should like to kill a Hun before I die, but I don't look like doing it, unless they bring a Gotha down on the Common, and then it would probably be all over, bar the shouting, before I could get there. Talking of Gothas, it's a funny thing, but on a raid night, when I hear the hum of their damned machines, it positively exhilarates me, and I have a feeling of longing to be put up against a German for ten minutes, to see which is the better man, don't you know? I wish to heaven they *would* raise the age limit; but of course they won't. They've no more sense than a rabbit, this Government of ours. What do you say, Robinson?"

❋ ❋

ROBINSON (whose real age is 44 but who knocked off ten years in 1914 in order to get out to France, and is now discharged, and serving a Ministry): "I'm not saying much this morning. I'm rather interested in these articles of Pyke's on the interior condition of Germany; you fellows read 'em?"

(*They had not.*)

Smith, Brown and Jones left discussing the futility of Governments, and calculating the thousands of useful fighting units, like themselves, whose valuable services are not required.

❋ ❋

(*A year of war elapses.*)

ACT II.

SCENE: Robinson's office at a Ministry. Time, April, 1918.

ENTER SMITH: "Ah! Good morning, old chap. Don't see anything of you these days, since you took a flat in town. Look here, I hate bothering a busy man, but I want your advice. I expect I shall be called up under this absurd Act. Now, I'm not going to try and get out of my obligations; I'm not that sort of man, oh no! But I want to make the best use I can of myself from the country's point of view, and it occurred to me you might know of a job here

(*Continued on page 158*)

"EDDIES OF WAR" (*concluded*)

where I could be of use. I've great organising ability—damn it, I've built up my own business—and office routine, and all that, is my strong point. You see my small capabilities would be wasted digging trenches, I should be of much greater value . . . . " etc., etc.

" Well, you'll drop me a line, will you? Thanks, it's very good of you."

Exit.

⁂ ⁂

(NEXT DAY) ENTER BROWN: " Hullo, Robinson, very good of you to see me. What? I'm a martyr to gout these days, get it in the head, you know, yes. Can you give me an introduction to anyone in the Royal Army Clothing Department at Pimlico? You see I've been in the textiles all my life, and if we've got to serve (which seems ridiculous since I pay super-tax, and they'll lose all that once they take me) we may as well serve in the best place. Don't misunderstand me. What I mean is that I *know* I can be of considerable use there, there's nothing I don't know about cloth, especially khaki; why damn it, I've made the stuff for ten years, miles of it—see? Well, you'll bear me in mind, will you? That's very good of you. So long!"

⁂ ⁂

(A WEEK LATER) ENTER JONES: " Ah, Robinson! Hope I'm not disturbing you. Thanks. Er—I have come to ask a favour. Your brother has got a big job at the Air Ministry, hasn't he? Well, I wonder if you would mind giving me a letter of introduction to him? After all, we've been travelling companions for a goodish time, haven't we? The reason I ask is that I want a bit of extra push from some influential person, as I am going to apply for an Equipment Officer's job. You see, I've dealt with stores and material for a good many years, and I went through the shops as a boy, so that I am a practical man, and I wondered whether you'd mind . . . . " etc., etc.

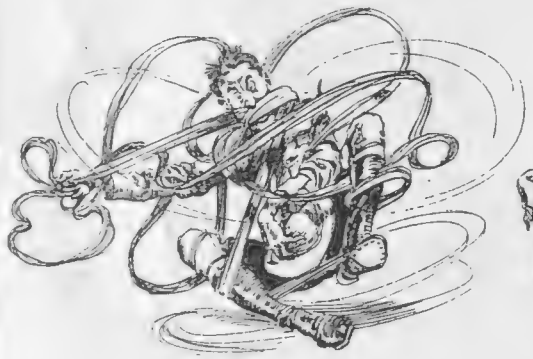
[Jones also pays super-tax, and suffers from varicose veins in the left calf, which he has contracted in the last year or so.]

What Robinson says to his secretary later, is left to the vivid imagination of all BYSTANDER readers.

Tears From the Tigris

(*Continued*)

By A. A. THOMSON *Illustrated by* HOWARD K. ELCOCK

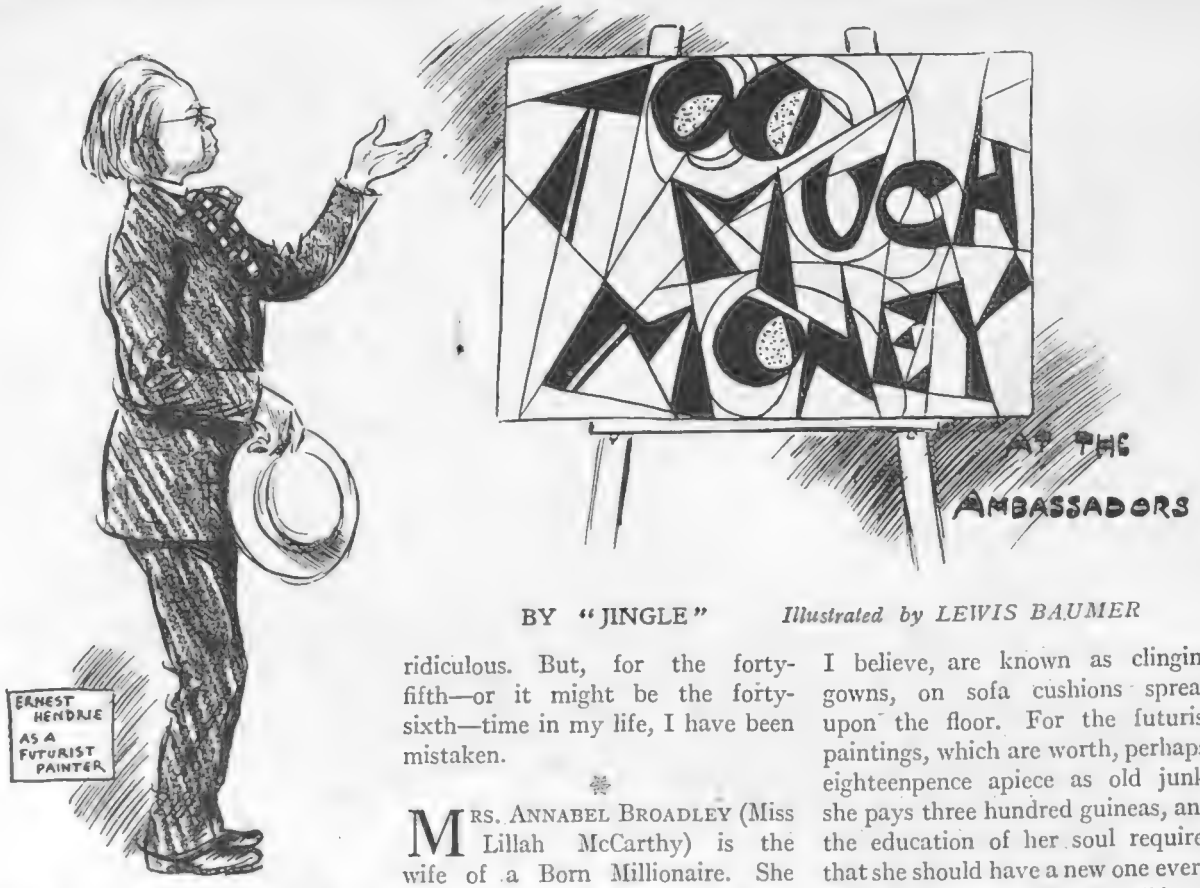


(6) *The Lucky Lunatic*

Michael Montgomery McGee
One day unwound his puggaree;
He did it for a bet.
So much was easy, but, alack!
The hard thing was to put it back;
He hasn't done so yet!
For every time the task he tried,
He found himself securely tied
Within its sinuous chain;
It coiled about him, limb by limb,
Till after many a struggle grim,
The effort turned his brain.
The Board that on his case did sit
Pronounced him mentally unfit.
(He heard the news with gladness).
Then back to Blighty hastened he
—Which proves that Mike Montgomery
Had method in his madness.

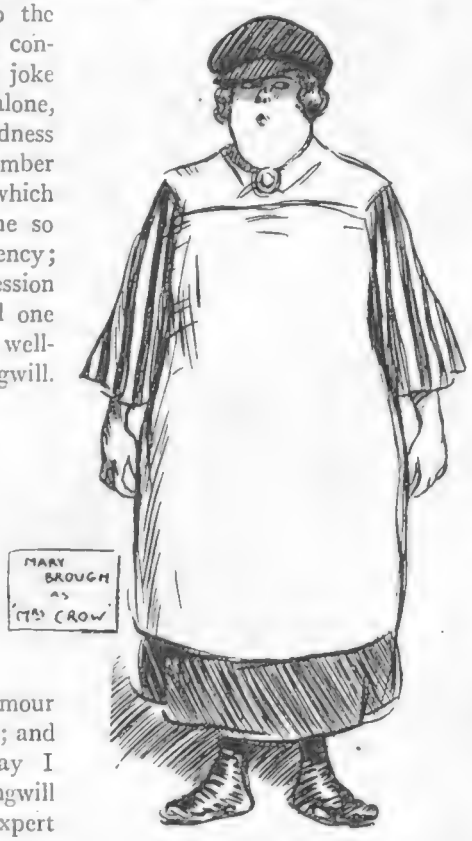
The Power of the Press

Lord Beaverbrook, Minister of Propaganda, has given it as his opinion that of the three sole forms of propaganda, oral, pictorial, and Press, the last is by far the most important. Here we see it engaged in the "argumentum ad hominem"!



BY "JINGLE" *Illustrated by LEWIS BAUMER*

IT is not easy to recognise Mr. Zangwill's hand in this new farce, which is more suggestive of the efforts of the experienced actor or stage-manager on the dramatic war-path. All the reliable "stunts" are worked with mechanical regularity, characterisation yields at every point to the need for humour, not always consistent with the part, and if a joke is too thin to live for itself alone, force is imparted to it by loudness of utterance. I do not remember to have seen a play before in which the characters ran off the line so unhesitatingly in an emergency; and yet the subject of the possession of too much money is an ideal one for farcical treatment by so well-informed a writer as Mr Zangwill. This strange contingency very nearly happened in America before her entry into the war, when people engaged in producing the necessaries of life were getting so rich that they threatened to give up their work and so render their wealth valueless. The theme offers a glorious field for the humour that bites and the fun that tells; and before going to see this play I vainly imagined that Mr Zangwill would have dealt with it as an expert economist with a nice sense of the ridiculous. But, for the forty-fifth—or it might be the forty-sixth—time in my life, I have been mistaken.



MRS. ANNABEL BROADLEY (Miss Lillah McCarthy) is the wife of a Born Millionaire. She is one of those exquisite ladies whom, before the war, we should have regarded as an unavoidable freak of our super-civilisation. She raves over futurist paintings and is worried if her pet Pom has passed a sleepless night. She never sits on chairs, but reclines in what, I believe, are known as clinging gowns, on sofa cushions spread upon the floor. For the futurist paintings, which are worth, perhaps, eighteenpence apiece as old junk, she pays three hundred guineas, and the education of her soul requires that she should have a new one every week. She cannot say off-hand how many country houses she possesses, or the number of her servants; and when she hears that she has overdrawn her account at the bank she takes it for granted that she has only to draw a further cheque on that same account in order to put the balance on the right side.

MR. BROADLEY, worried by the fact that his wife has so many absorbing interests in life that she has no time to devote to him, takes counsel with a friend; and as a result tries to reform his wife by announcing that he has suddenly lost all his money and is penniless. Reality is given to his story by the arrival of workmen who strip the room of its furniture and carpets and leave the lady of the house lamenting her dismal lot on the bare floor. It is a rather violent joke, but it brings the curtain down on the first act with a lively and noisy rush, and seems to suit the audience very well. Two weeks later we see this delicate and sensitive lady up to her elbows at the washtub in an East-end apartment of the most poverty-stricken kind. By a touch of the fairy's wand, she has been transformed from a spoilt and indolent darling of fortune into a thrifty

(*Continued on page 162*)

In the New Zangwill Play

Before her transformation from plutocracy to pauperism

and hard-working woman. She is careful even of her sixpences, and when she hears that someone has given her husband a cigar, she will not let him smoke it for fear he should thus be led into extravagant habits.

⁂

MRS. BROADLEY'S greatest transformation is, however, yet to come. In the second act she has a few shillings to spare, and desires to speculate with this surplus in the mining market. This lady, with no head for figures and whose idea of managing her banking affairs is quite primitive, is able to read the Stock Exchange Official List at a glance. Even her new character is hardly consistent, because she comes to the conclusion that a mining share is cheap because it is quoted at five shillings. Trifles like this, however, do not deter the author in arranging the headlong career of his heroine. In the third act, after the lapse of a bare twelvemonth, Mrs. Broadley has developed, by means known only to the gods, into one of our leading financiers. She is worth a cool million—or is it a million and a-half?—and is so versed in the devious ways of international finance that she takes it for granted that foreign concessions can only be secured by the bribery of venal officials. As a side line to her successful manipulation of the markets, she has discovered a method of buying pictures for five hundred guineas and selling them for a thousand. And I have no doubt that if she were asked in a hurry how many beans make five she could give the correct reply without having to count upon her fingers.

⁂

As Mr. Broadley is not really bankrupt, he is naturally placed in some difficulty with regard to carrying on his business without being detected by his wife. Apparently a part of his business is the issue of cheques for large sums, and these are brought to the slum lodging, in his wife's absence, by his secretary, for his signature. While he is completing the cheques he deplores aloud the fact that, for the sake of teaching his wife a lesson he should have to live in such surroundings when he is simply coining money. This remark is overheard by his landlady who promptly hands him and his friends over to the police as a dangerous gang of coiners. A terribly smart detective comes on the scene with a revolver, and handcuffs everybody and then finds out his mistake and apologises.

⁂

MISS LILLAH MCCARTHY is, perhaps, at her best in the second act where her dainty playfulness at the washtub is quite exhilarating. When a pantomime "dame" is at the washtub it is a tradition of the profession that at least one item in the laundry shall be a garment that is not necessarily a subject for ordinary conversation. The management here have apparently been unable to break away from the unwritten law, with the result that Mrs. Broadley is found to be washing her husband's pyjamas, which she subsequently spreads out carefully over the back of a chair so that the full force of the joke shall not be missed. When she is left to herself however, and can make her own humour, Miss McCarthy is most agreeably diverting, and she adorns the farce throughout with the happiest distinction. Mr. Marsh Allen does all that is possible with the part of the Born Millionaire, and Mr. R. Morand, as a self-made millionaire, has the best chance in the piece. His Scottish accent is delightful, even though his love-making with Mrs. Broadley may not be altogether convincing. But that is not his fault. When an author creates the character of a lady desiring only platonic love it is too much to ask us to believe that she is likely to change her way of life at the request of an elderly and gouty suitor when she has already a young and handsome husband waiting to receive her smile; so that her refusal of the senile overtures was a foregone conclusion.

JINGLE.

Some of the Tricks in the Box

Stage Photo Co.

Our picture shows Messrs. Fred Allandale and Ralph Riggs, and some of the members of the far-famed Beauty Chorus, in "Box o' Tricks" at the London Hippodrome

Fifty—Not Out

BY THE OLD GUARD

THE fiat has gone forth and Mars has become middle-aged. Therefore, masters, gird ye for the fray. Let us throw aside the slippered ease of maturity and squeeze into the jackboot of raging war. The word has gone out that our backs are to the wall; and though the backs be bent and the shoulders rounded, the men of fifty may well serve to keep the wall from falling down. There have not been wanting graceless scoffers who have pictured the portly paterfamilias in the front line, winning the war by shaking his umbrella admonishingly at the foe; but, firm as we be in the strength of our high purpose, such playful gibes pass by us as the idle wind. The recruit of fifty shall learn to distinguish his chest from his girdle under the notoriously gentle ægis of the Army sergeant, and he will not a second time ask a moment's leave from parade so that he may go back to fetch his liver-pad or his porous plasters.

❀

THAT a loud cry should have gone up to the gods in protest against the new order was inevitable. It is one of the privileges of mortal man, when his mundane affairs fall awry, to call high heaven to witness that justice no longer prevails on earth below. It has been so from the beginning; it will be so to the end. Such murmurers, hitherto taking comfort from the tale of the calendar, would have us hear them with respect when they tell us that this is a young man's war. Out upon the varlets! Upon whom, prithee, lies the fault of having made the war possible? Vast numbers of the men who are holding the battle-line in the West are too young ever to have had a voice in the councils of the Empire. It is we, and such as we, who have had that voice to speak for thirty years and more, and have spoken to so little purpose that to-day, because of us, the world is out of plumb. We are weighed in the balance and found wanting. It ill becomes us, then, to cry aloud that it is not our concern to help to clean the mess that we ourselves have made. Let us the rather confess our fault and make amends.

❀

THIS is an old man's war, since they who call the tune should pay the piper. Else is there truly no justice under heaven. Let it be conceded that the limbs of the man of fifty are no longer supple, and that his muscles have lost the pleasing elasticity of youth. It is not asked of him that he shall rush into the seething fray with his battle-axe swinging aloft as an oriflamme, like the helmet of Navarre. Like enough he will be held to be more usefully employed at the base with a spade or a broom. Yet even in the front of the line there is much that the man of fifty may do, at least once. In the brave days of old, when the Swiss could not find an opening in the wall of spearheads set against them by the Austrians, did not Arnold of Winkelried dash out and fling his arms about the spears and gather them in his own body? If legend lie not, this he did, and opened the door of victory to his kin. So, since to-day war is no longer an affair of battle-axes or spear-heads, the man of fifty may at least intercept a bullet and so save a younger, and therefore better, man from the hurt.

❀

IT has long been a reproach against the councils of the earth that the men who make wars do not wage them. Now, at long last, Heaven in its wisdom has taken the culprits by the ear, and is teaching some, at least, of them the working of the beneficent law of cause and effect. For ourself we doubt not the grumblers will be few enough when the men of fifty have been given time to find the light. To bear arms is the right of the freeman in every community; and the honour is none the less to-day for coming late among us. Withal, the call to arms has its compensations for those who are still alive to the charm of the sparkling eye and the golden tress; but on such a devious theme we speak, as must be plain, from the merest hearsay. This much we may, at least, aver, that there are those who hold that the King's khaki has the miraculous gift of turning middle age into favoured youth. So should it be! Thus we ourself await the summons without demur, ready when the roll shall be called to answer with a glad and dutiful "Here!"

PASSED BY CENSOR

"Wot the 'ell's the good of refusin' 'ere, or anywhere else?"

Be a power in Art

HASSALL

Copy this Sketch of a typical Hun for my free personal Criticism.

DON'T be "one of the crowd." Don't be content with doing mere conventional Art work or sketching "just to amuse yourself." Break away and *be yourself.* Be greater than yourself. Put passion into your work. Impose the power of your talent on others.

It is the hand of the Creative Artist that fashions the world. It is he who designs the battleship; who conceives beautiful dresses and furniture; who enshrines the ideal, whether in a Venetian Palace or in an Academy picture. It is the Artist again who makes the success of commerce and helps construct the fortunes of the Captains of Industry. Art *is* Life. The greatness of a people has always coincided with its greatness in Art. Look at Greece and Rome, and the Italian Renaissance, and the Elizabethan Age.

The unparalleled success of Mr. Hassall's postal tuition is based upon the fact that he recognises Art to be of the Brain and the Heart as well as of the Hand. As you study under him you feel the force of a living inspiration; you find the beauty and the power of life grow under your hands. Whether you aim at increasing your income or at achieving success in pure æsthetic Art, you will surely find a new delight in life. Fill your evenings with the pleasure of seeing your talent develop and your power grow. Send for Mr. Hassall's

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which tells you how to become a successful Artist. The work is illustrated with many coloured plates and drawings by Mr. Hassall and his famous students. With your application send some original work for Mr. Hassall's criticism (or copy the sketch printed here). You should apply at once as only a limited number of these fine books are available.

It does not matter where you live; whether you are a beginner or an advanced student; whether you wish merely to get pleasure from sketching or to become a highly-paid commercial artist, John Hassall can show you the way to success.

POST THIS COUPON TO-DAY.

To Mr. JOHN HASSALL,
The John Hassall Correspondence Art School, Ltd.,
5, Stratford Studios, Kensington, W. 8.

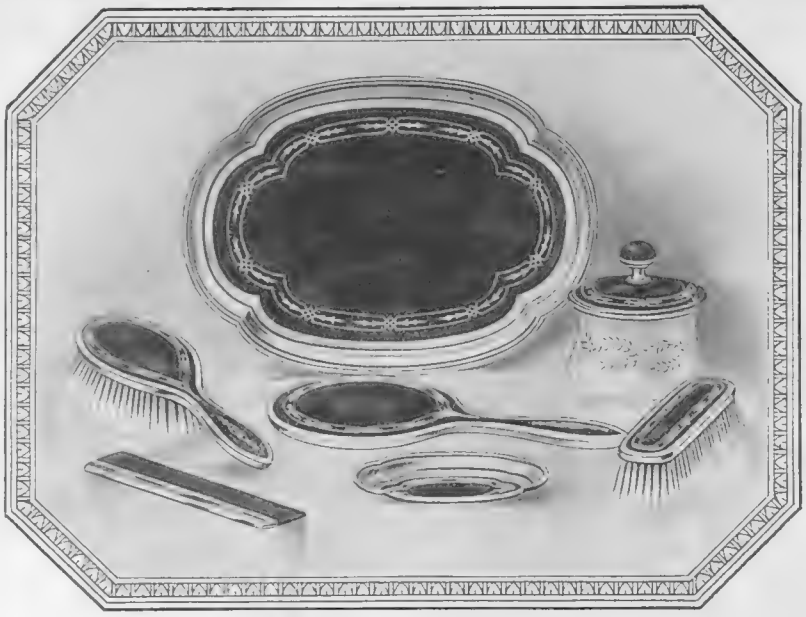
I enclose you a Drawing for your personal criticism.

Please send me free of all cost full particulars of how to become a successful artist, and your illustrated book "THE JOHN HASSALL WAY."

Name .....

Address .....

B. 24.4.18.



Hair Brush £3 0 0. Cloth Brush £1 15 0. Dressing Comb £1 5 0. Hand Mirror with bevelled glass £4 10 0. Brush Tray £12 10 0. Powder Jar with glass body £3 0 0.

THE
GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD
with which is incorporated The Goldsmiths' Alliance Ltd Estd 1751.
112 Regent Street London W.1.

BY APPOINTMENT

THE Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company's Tortoiseshell Services for the Toilet table are made from Tortoiseshell specially chosen for its fine quality by the Goldsmiths & Silversmiths Company. Better value cannot be obtained. A selection of Tortoiseshell articles will be sent for approval if desired, carriage paid, at the company's risk.

The Goldsmiths and Silversmiths Company have no branch establishments in Regent Street, Oxford St. or elsewhere—in London or abroad—only one address.

112, Regent Street,
London, W. 1.

"The cussed Huns have got my gramophone"

Seeing that two out of every three gramophones at the Front are "Deccas," the chances are that the one in question was a "Decca."

to the Army Pay Corps.

Another Loss Made Good.

The other day I quoted from the letter of a young officer who, referring to the loss of personal belongings owing to the German onrush, said, "worst of all, the cussed Huns have got my gramophone." The note has touched the heart of one of my readers, who has written asking me for the address of the officer, so that he may send him a new gramophone.

A small incident, but typical of the spirit of the nation—anxiety to make every loss good.

Another reader says: "Your note re the officer's loss of a gramophone is rather interesting, as my own son (captain, R.E.) wrote on the 24th: 'Of course, we have certainly lost a lot of guns and stores of all kinds (possibly a gramophone!).' They do think a lot of their music!"

The above is reproduced from the "Evening Standard," April 5th.

The "Decca" is the ideal gramophone for Active Service. It can be carried with ease anywhere. No case required; no loose parts to get lost. Plays perfectly all makes and sizes of needle records.

£6 15 0, £7 17 6, £10 10 0, of all leading Stores and Music Dealers. Illustrated Folder from The Dulcephone Co., 37, Worship St., London, E.C.2. (Proprietors: Barnett Samuel & Sons, Ltd.)

"SLIPPERY"

Books *of the* Week

Unhappy Russia

An Englishman, who has lived most of his life in the Near East, returned from Russia the other day, and was asked for his opinion of that unhappy country. He said that there was no man living, whether Russian or foreigner, who could say what to-morrow would bring forth. Incidentally, he explained that the misconceptions and the deliberate falsifications about Russian affairs during the war have been enormous—how enormous will be made clear to you if you read Mr. Robert Wilton's recently published book, *Russia's Agony* (Arnold : 15*s.* net). The Petrograd Correspondent of the *Times*, indeed, is well equipped to write this, the most detailed account yet printed in England of the causes and course of the revolution. And what a pitiful showing-up of the "great ones" it is! From the potential saviour of Eastern Europe, he at one time was thought to be, Kerensky is transformed into a neurotic, none too straight, and rather cowardly shuffler. Mr. Wilton paints him in colours the reverse of noble or inspiring. You begin, too, to understand why a large section of the British Press took the side of Korniloff when that general attempted to save his country from the anarchy which has overrun it.

❀ ❀

The Entrance of Lenin

You see the sinister figure of Lenin coming in his "sealed carriage" across Germany, months before he obtained power. You find the Petrograd Soviet determined to seize the reins from the Constitutional Duma almost before that body had proclaimed the formation of a provisional Government. And of the Old Régime, of course, Mr. Wilton has much to say. His view of the ex-Tsar is not very different from the usually accepted British opinion. The gradual eating up of Russia by German intrigue has never been shown so clearly. Finally there is the rather startling suggestion that in their last extremity the Bolsheviks may turn to the autocracy for help! Mr. Wilton has written a soul-stirring book of the greatest possible interest and importance.

❀ ❀

The Spanish Main

If you want a good adventurous story-book of the old-fashioned sort, buy a copy of "Q.'s" new book, *Mortallone and Aunt Trinidad* (Arrowsmith : 6*s.*). The first story is as exciting as you can wish for—with extraordinary adventures on board ship and on an uninhabited island where buried treasure is supposed to be hidden. The Bristol youngster who sallies forth, after an adventure with a parrot and an actress, certainly meets with all the trials and tribulations for which his young soul is panting. The parrot is a very wonderful bird and is mainly instrumental in sending the boy back to his native town far richer and not a little wiser than he was when he and the actress attended the auction sale in Bristol dock. Of Aunt Trinidad and her two cronies you must read for yourself. In those old days of the 1730's, piracy was not the prerogative of the sterner sex. The ladies took their share of the dangers and prizes; and the tales they have to tell, through "Q.," are really well worth reading.

R. S.

THE SOUVENIR *Official Photograph*

THE THRESHER

Distinctive and Reliable.

The exclusive features are: The uncrackable "Melcam" lining, the registered cut (No. 653068) and ventilating system (Pattern No. 14229), each of which unite in perfecting the most thoroughly tested garment in the Service. Recommended by the War Office to all Officers Commanding Corps the first Winter of the War.

The THRESHER TRENCH COAT

£4 : 14 : 6

Detachable Kamelcott Lining

£1 : 11 : 6

Cavalry pattern, knee flaps and saddle gusset

15/6

Send size chest and approximate height when ordering. All sizes in stock.

A small folder giving prices of Naval, Military and Royal Air Force Uniform on application. (Folder 8).

THRESHER & GLENNY

MILITARY TAILORS,

152 & 153, Strand, London, W.C. 2

By Appointment *to H.M. the King.*

The Girl of the Week

Priscilla

Priscilla sat pouting—defiant and pale,
While Peter was purple with rage—
She had argued and sulked—heaven knows what about—
Till they both reached the quarrelsome stage.

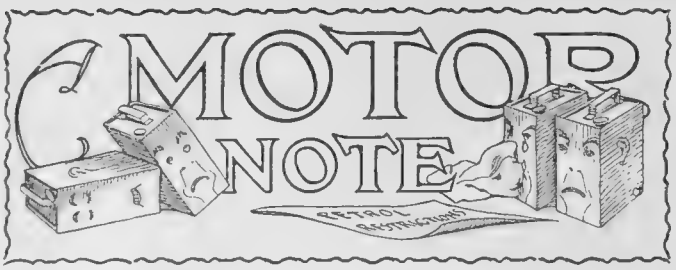
"I detest you!" Priscilla observed with a sob,
"Well, I don't care a blow," he replied.
"Why! the trenches will simply be havens of rest,
With no room for spoilt beauties inside!"

But when Peter had vanished to "Somewhere in France,"
Where the rats scrambled over his feet,
Priscilla thought often and long of her boy
'Mid the flies and the dust and the heat.

So she sent him Abdullas, delicious and cool,
Having scribbled these words on the tin:
"Though there's no place for *me* in your 'haven of rest,'
Have you room for *Abdullas* within?"

ABDULLA

THE CIGARETTE OF ALL TIME



"Messengers of Death"

"Britain's Winged Messengers of Death," is a reprint of a very interesting article by a brother of the pencil stump, one F. A. Talbot, of whom it may properly be said that he knows his job and can write—a combination you sometimes do *not* get. His booklet centres its story upon the Sunbeam shops wherein, as all sky pilots and thousands of less adventurous folk know, is created the Sunbeam-Coatalen aircraft engine, which runs up to a modest 18-cylinder of 475 B.H.P. Something of the extent to which this Sunbeam power plant is making contribution to the Allied arms is indicated in this excellently produced and illustrated publication. I need only couple with it the name of the Handley-Page machine, in which it has functioned to the best of purposes, to create, I hope, a certain eagerness to possess a copy of the booklet which can be obtained from A. J. Wilson and Co., Ltd., 154, Clerkenwell Road or from the Sunbeam Company direct.

***

The Adaptable Pump

Adaptability is the essence of progress. That idea was sufficiently developed by a not altogether unknown gentleman named Darwin, in connection with his theory of natural selection. The fittest to survive is that which best adapts itself to its environment. And so on. So that to flop from the heights of biological generalisation to the flats of the concrete particular, the Wood-Milne Patent Foot Pump is a strong candidate for that prolific survival which spells "good biz." It came in to ease the back of the poor old motorist stuck up with a puncture and the need to pump. Poor old motorist having all but died the death as a civilian institution, said foot-pump had to adapt itself to new utilities or similarly become an unlovely corpus. Result, you'll find it pumping up air beds in hospitals; adapted to tea and potato plant sprays and testing radiators and tanks on motors; in art studios for aerograph work; in dental mechanics' shops; in engineering shops for forced lubrication — these are a few of its manifold services. Not content with the best, Wood-Milne undertake to adapt it to anything where the hand-pump is not good enough and the power-pump over-powerful. Wherefore, if the need exists, write to 21, Albion Street, Gaythorn, Manchester.

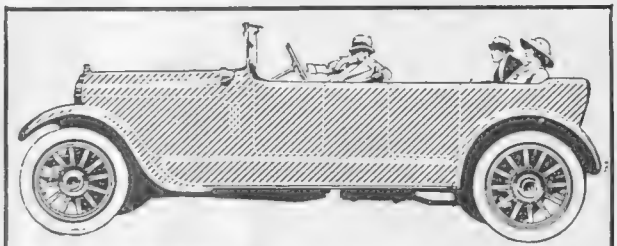
***

The Luxury Car

The French Government has lumped all private or passenger motor vehicles, new or second-hand, into a common category as "articles of luxury," upon the selling price of which a tax of 10 per cent. is imposed. It is suggested that the British Government may do the same. Protest is made against classification of all such motor vehicles as luxuries. The protest is reasonable enough, for the simple reason that all such motor vehicles are certainly not luxuries. (For example, what about those cars of which it used to be said that they made walking a pleasure?) But then, if the tax is going to be imposed in any case, there is not much comfort in knowing that cars are not taxed as luxuries. It's the tax that matters; and taxes are part of the price of war.

The Hall-Mark for everything Electrical in connection with motoring is "C.A.V." First in the field and Foremost ever since.—C. A. Vandervell and Co., Ltd., Elctrical Engineers, Acton, London, W. 3.

The most severe test for a carburetter is on an aeroplane under war conditions. Claudel Hobson Carburetters are undergoing this test with credit.—H. M. Hobson, Ltd., 29, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.



POINTS ABOUT CARS

No. 5. Tyre Mileage.

"Is she light on tyres?" should be one of the first thoughts of the intending purchaser, and yet this is a point which is frequently slurred over to some extent.

An extra 1,000 miles per tyre means a saving of pounds in a year, and this extra mileage can be obtained by a proper distribution of weight and elimination of shock and undue friction.
The "Austin" will be found to prove the truth of this statement.

May we not add your name to our Priority List?

THE AUSTIN MOTOR CO., Ltd.,
479-483, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.
Telephone - - - - - - Mayfair 6230.
Telegrams - - - "Austinette, Wesdo, London."
Head Office and Works - Northfield, Birmingham.
ALSO AT MANCHESTER, NORWICH and PARIS.

Austin

Stellite Cars

PRE-WAR MODELS WERE BUILT BY SKILLED MECHANICS UNDER THE GUIDANCE OF ENGINEERING EXPERTS IN CAR PRODUCTION

Manufactured by a branch of Vickers Limited

POST-WAR CARS WILL BE BUILT UNDER IMPROVED CONDITIONS.
ADD YOUR NAME TO OUR "WAITING LIST"
THE ELECTRIC & ORDNANCE ACCESSORIES Co. LTD
WARD END WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.
LONDON AGENTS-
WOLSELEY MOTORS LTD. YORK ST WESTMINSTER, S.W.1.

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Fashion's Fancies

BY MRS. JACK MAY

Blouses More Attractive than Ever

HOWEVER much Fashion's fancy may waver in other directions, where blouses are concerned there is seldom any real difference of opinion as to their "topping the bill." Occasionally a rival will crop up, such as the jumper and those seductively simple all-in-one frocks, but they never really touch the solid foundation of the blouse proper. Every year sees this now classic garment presented in fresh and alluring guise, the present season being responsible for an influx of what may be described as the "dressy" type, for the blouse is once again called upon to take its place in the semi-evening *galère*. For these georgette and triple ninon are conspicuous, the models frequently merging from blouses pure and simple into the most enchanting little coatee affairs with jet and bead embroideries. Again, a deep belt *mouvement*, in some rich brocade or embroidery, will lift an otherwise simply devised black georgette blouse out of the commonplace, something dainty in the way of a *doublure* and white collar adding to the allure.

Hand embroideries are frequently requisitioned to bring the desired individual touch to a simple confection. A delicate lavender georgette blouse had a deep collar and cuffs embroidered with putty-coloured wool, and a white voile of absolutely unpretentious fashioning formed an effective background for some Rumanian embroidery, while that telling hand-veining may be said to be ubiquitous, so insistently is it used on cotton, *crêpe de Chine*, and silk blouses.

For wearing with open-fronted coats, those in authority in the blouse world are presenting several notably nice models planned on waistcoat lines. The *chic* of these is a contrasting sleeve, so that when the coat is removed for lunch or tea the effect is somewhat startling. A champagne-coloured satin waistcoat blouse, for example, will be fitted with navy blue *crêpe de Chine* sleeves, or *vice versâ*, the latter an alliance illustrated in our sketch, a model obviously designed to complete a navy serge or gabardine suit; the hat carrying on the two-colour scheme with a brim lining of champagne satin to a soft, pliable shape of navy pedal straw.

A WAISTCOAT BLOUSE
In navy crêpe de Chine with champagne satin sleeves

The Tulle Yashmak

THE appearance of this coquettish piece of millinery drapery is revealed in "Noreen's" second sketch on page 174. So far the opportunities have been few for exploiting it, but where and whenever it has been seen, the verdict has been unanimous as to its charm. Grey blue tulle is visioned on a *chapeau* of purple straw, the tulle caught round in soft draperies and loops held in front by a posy of mixed flowers.

The perennial all-floral toque has sprung up this spring with particular vigour and in several wholly fresh expressions. A close-fitting, narrow toque that takes a decided rise at the back achieves an arresting line, and is well adapted to the loose, floating veil. Others there are of all round persuasion, fashioned of large open floral blooms, such as poppies, clematis, and roses, arranged loosely so that the petals move. There are some wonderfully fascinating schemes to be seen in shades of purple and red, more or less fuchsia shades; while one distinctive model was of shaded hydrangea, blues fading to pinks.

Although we are told on all sides that large hats are to be worn, it is now clearly evident that these must abide in patience until the actual summer months. Toques and small hats have all the millinery field at present, and tulle is omnipotent as a decorative detail.

(Continued on page 174)

FASHION'S FANCIES (continued)

Spring and Summer Fashions in Book Form at Harrods

HARRODS never do things by halves, and their usual spirit and enterprise is evidenced in their new season's catalogue. The models throughout, faithfully reproduced as they are, are of the simple order now decreed, but each one is hall-marked with the characteristic Harrod touch. Thus with the "Ida," a dainty little tailored gown in fine serge, a contrasting wool embroidery is introduced on pockets and bodice, another serge gown, the "Nancy," being distinguished by a little chenille embroidery.

Several pages are devoted to tailor-made suits, these ranging up from the "Stockton," a plain, beautifully cut and finished model in black or navy serge, arranged with a plain skirt and belted coat, at 4½ guineas, to smart coats and skirts suitable to all occasions.

A splendid selection of wrap coats starts off with the "Rouen," an elegant affair, half satin and half corded suiting, and culminates, so far as the catalogue is concerned, in the 'Blighty," a thoroughly serviceable coat, to which additional interest is imparted by the fact that it is built in "Blighty" tweeds, made entirely by wounded soldiers and sailors. This is just the type of wrap so many want for war-work, on wet or fine days.

THE TULLE YASHMAK
Details of which are given on the preceding page

The children's pages are most fascinating and include suggestions for tinies as well as older girls and boys. But the best plan would be to send to Harrods for one of these most admirable catalogues. It is overflowing with interesting matter and would solve many a debatable question as to summer outfits, as well as save a tiresome visit to Town.

❀

The Craze for Tortoiseshell

EVEN Edwards and Sons, of 161 and 159, Regent Street, upon whom so large a share of the demands rest for the supply of this beautiful shell, can scarcely account for the obsession for it. The firm holds a large stock of

(Continued on page 176)

Sefton Fabrics

Irish Sherelene & Irish Sherevoile

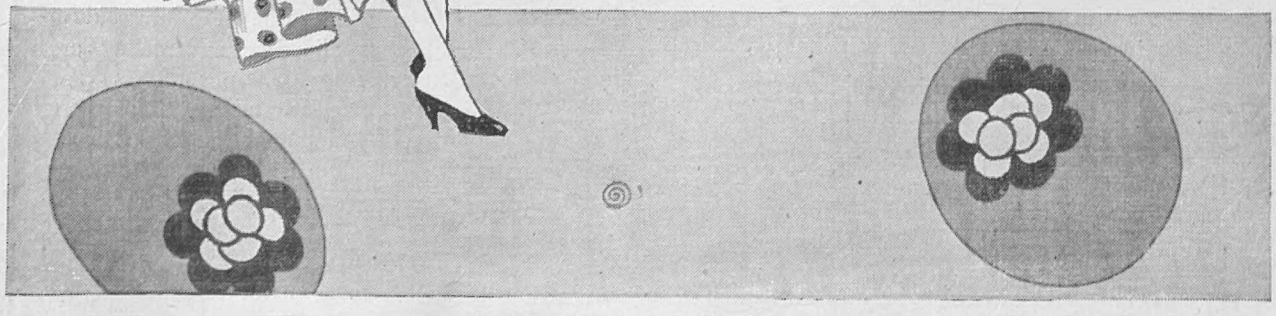
WOMEN of distinctive taste will find in these Fabrics a rare opportunity for the expression of individual preferences in bold designs and rich colours. Indeed, it has been said, to our knowledge, that the hand of a fairy godmother might have brought forth these delightful Dress Goods, so exquisite are they in texture, so delicate in sheen, so charming in colouring, so unique in their variety of design.

They are devised in the extreme of fashion and are remarkable for their big and bright decorations—features which, unfortunately, it is not possible to reproduce within the limits of this advertisement. *Their original character must be seen to be realised.*

SEFTON SHERELENE
36 in. wide double width 2/- per yard.

SEFTON SHEREVOILE
40 in. wide double width 3/- per yard.

OBTAINABLE ONLY AT HIGH-CLASS & SPECIALITÉ DRAPERS



A New Chicken-Meat.

"Jack Tar Tuna" is a fish tasting like the breast of tender chicken. It is cheaper and far more nutritious than butcher's meat. A dainty of the Pacific Seas, "Jack Tar Tuna" possesses an irresistibly delicious flavour. It needs no cooking.

If you want a new delight,
Open a "Tuna" Tin to-night.

Imported and guaranteed by the proprietors of the Sailor Slice and Skippers. If unable to get it, send your Grocer's name and address and 1/- in stamps for a ¼-lb. tin to ANGUS WATSON & Co., Dept. D17, Newcastle-on-Tyne,

JACK TAR TUNA FISH

"AZA" Khaki Shirts.

FOR Active Service wear there is nothing better at the price than "AZA" Khaki Shirts. They are exceptionally healthful and non-irritant, will stand any amount of rough wear, and are noted for their durability, softness and unshrinkability. They are obtainable ready-to-wear or made-to-measure in standard and heavy weights, and in regulation shade.

If you are unable to obtain, write to the Manufacturers for particulars:

WM. HOLLINS & CO., Ltd. (Trade only), 25x, Newgate St., London, E.C.

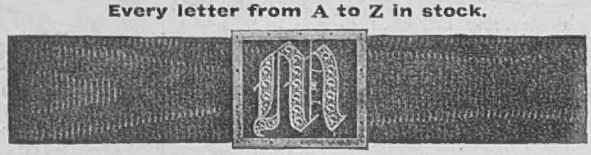
Charles Packer & Co Ltd.

GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS

THE FASHIONABLE RIBBON WRISTLET

With Diamond Initial set in Palladium and White Enamel Slide.

Every letter from A to Z in stock.



All **£4 4 0** each.

The Royal Sussex Regiment

Illustrations show actual size of Brooches.

Money returned in full if not approved.

Staff Officer

Badge Brooch of every Regiment in stock.

Can be supplied by return.

MILITARY BADGE BROOCHES All £2 2 0 each

15-CT. GOLD AND ENAMEL. All £2 2 0 each

The Gordon Highlanders

The Royal Flying Corps
also Cap Badge pattern

The East Kent Regiment

THE NEW MILITARY WATCH WITH UNBREAKABLE FRONT

Fine Quality Lever Movement.
White or Black dial,
One-piece Screw-in Silver Case.

Luminous Hands and Figures.
Transparent Unbreakable Front.
No new glasses or protectors required.

All these Brooches are finely modelled in 15-ct. Gold.

Illustrated Catalogue of Badge Brooches sent free on request.

£3 10 0
Post free to any address

The Ideal Watch for Active Service.

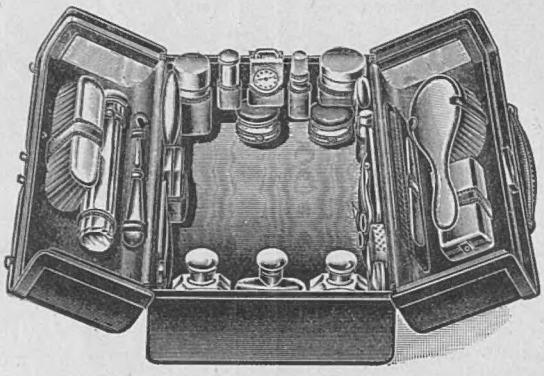
The Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry

76 & 78 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.

The King's Royal Rifle Corps

FASHION'S FANCIES (*concluded*)

tortoiseshell and also of crocodile skins, the chief component parts of sumptuously fitted dressing cases, which, in artistic appearance and practical value, leave absolutely nothing to be desired. The cases of crocodile skins, highly polished, are toned to the tortoiseshell fittings, which can be had in blonde, demi-blonde, or dark. And a study of these fittings is a revelation; nothing forgotten to meet the latter-day demands of the most fastidious; everything of the best, not the least interesting items being the thoroughly practical manicure outfitting and the tray for brushes. The knowledge and experience of these authorities in building and equipping these luxuries is of a surpassing order. Their taste is also irreproachable and absolutely to be relied upon in the handling of monograms and crests. These are never allowed to predominate but are so arranged as to become part of a perfect whole. Yet another important item dealt with here is the ubiquitous travelling case, supplied with every toilet requisite in the guise of brushes, hairpins, scent and powder receptacles, buttonhook, shoehorn, clock, etc., just everything needful for a week-end visit.



A TORTOISESHELL FITTED DRESSING CASE
At Messrs. Edwards and Sons'

The Outdoor Pipe

For out-of-door smoking, in all conditions of wind, wet, and weather, there is nothing to beat the Wyse Pipe, to be obtained at Suite 6, 22, Gerrard Street, W.C. For active service this pipe has proved a priceless possession to many a weary man. It smokes from the bottom upwards, yet has the appearance of a pipe of ordinary manufacture. No nicotine can possibly penetrate into the mouth, and the ashes do not drop out. From 7*s.* 6*d.* to 30*s.*, according to choice; and satisfaction guaranteed.

A Valuable Skin Remedy

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